

Scott County Kicker.

PHIL. A. HAFNER, Publisher.

HENTON, MISSOURI.

Out in Michigan a millionaire lumberman has just died, leaving 27 wills, and it won't be long before there will be 27 lawyers to each will.

Baggy trousers such as the English expert intends as part of the American soldier's uniform will render it difficult for Uncle Sam's boys to run after their enemies.

A Houston (Tex.) married man defines sorrow as "an emotion which the benedict rarely experiences when Mary and the kids go to the seaside for the summer."

Sarah Bernhardt need not repine because the decoration of the Legion of Honor has been denied her. The decoration of the American Dollar is always hers for the asking.

Miss Corry says she doesn't believe any rich New York man is fit to be the custodian of a child. She has not trusted herself to express an opinion concerning rich Pittsburgh men.

It has been observed that Americans are more readily patriotic than ever after a sojourn in Europe. This rush of millions to the other side ought to be a good thing for the country.

One of the Chicago university scientists declares that 95 per cent. of the population of that city eat too much. Very strange. Our understanding is that 88 per cent. of the Chicago people board.

Seventy-five Jews were arrested in Odessa recently for defending themselves against hoodlums. In Russia it is a serious crime for a Jew not to stand still and be killed when the fanatics get after him.

The chignon is said to be coming in fashion again. The chignon is made from your hair pulled over a turnip at the back of your head. Reasons for its return have not yet been given out.

In Ithaca, N. Y., four couples recently engaged in a hand-to-hand combat over an argument as to which one of them was really the most unfortunate. The incident illustrates the pride that human nature takes in any kind of a distinction.

Another pedestrian—this time a Greek—has turned up who is walking around the world on a water of \$20,000. Funny that no one ever hears of these tramps winning the pot. And anyhow, where do they get the money with which to bet?

Alas for the heirs of Franklin P. Sit they ever so patiently. It is reported that the shock of blasting operations now going on in their neighborhood is killing the unborn chicks and reducing the maternal sitting to a mere physical exercise for the cultivation of patience.

That opportunities for poor but energetic young men are still to be found in this country is manifest in the circumstance that such a young man with no other capital than a two-cent stamp, cleaned up a matter of \$25,000 by bidding for the Panama canal bonds. If that youth does not develop into a Napoleon of finance the indications are at fault.

The poet Holland's prayer in 1855, "God, give us more," was answered. It had been answered before it was uttered. We had then and they stood forth when the imperative call came. We have them now and they are not so much in obscurity as they were in 1855. We have stronger, greater men in the forefront now than we had then and there are plenty more who will stand forth when the call upon them is unmistakable.

Kansas is preparing to roll in wealth once more as a result of unprecedented crops. All anticipations have been surpassed. From present appearances the state will have 90,000,000 bushels of wheat, or 13,000,000 bushels more than the big output of last year. Corn is also in splendid condition, and from these two cereals Kansas expects to be enriched to the extent of \$115,000,000. Once more it is to be said emphatically that there is nothing the matter with Kansas—except a little difficulty in getting hands enough to gather her grain.

Germany is still fighting the rebellious negroes in her southwest African possessions. Of the 15,000 soldiers sent there to subdue the negroes, 2,120 have been killed, 1,000 have returned to Germany as invalids and 1,000 more are in the field hospital. The war has cost Germany to date \$100,000,000. Perhaps, says the Atlanta Constitution, this is why England, France and Italy have decided to reduce their standing armies and relieve the taxpayers a bit. The Kaiser isn't half as fierce as his mustache.

The Frost Star wants the whipping post "set up in every courthouse yard for men who beat their wives and unmercifully kick horses." Men do not beat their wives, though some individuals who wear pants may do so, says the Houston Post, and men who have not allowed passion to override their reason do not unmercifully beat horses.

Kuropatkin is preparing a defense of his military career. He should try to make it an improvement on the one he prepared against the Japanese.

That New York woman who claimed a wild cat in a South Dakota mountain by singing to it ought to hurry east. Her prescription, if administered to the everyday back fence cat, would put the bootjack and profanity remedy out of business permanently.

In England it is proposed to unite the Thames, Mersey, Humber and Sever rivers by large canals at a cost of \$16,000,000. The railroads will not fight the project, for experience shows that ship waterways help the railway business.

Lavender Creighton's Lovers

By OLIVIA B. STROHM

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CHAPTER I.
It was an odd, weather-beaten craft—a miniature ark which, on a December morning in 1896, pushed its ungainly way to shore and moored at a small island in the Ohio.
From it a dozen young men disembarked. They were armed with rifles, but wore civilian dress which, rough and showing the stains of travel, was out of keeping with their jaunty air and gallant bearing. There was, too, an air of suppressed excitement—almost of stealth—in their movements as the boat safely tied, they fell into line, and skirting the briary tangle that surrounded the beach, went up through groves and fields to a garden.
Here the company paused. Through the vista of bare trees, a sparkle with frost, they could see the house. It was a low, broad dwelling, its wide piazza extending from wing to wing, like arms hospitably outstretched.
But the inviting porch, the smoke beckoning from the chimney, were the only signs of welcome. For everywhere about the place were marks of recent ruin. The newcomers stood aghast to see hives in every quarter. Shrub, lattice and fountain had been wrecked. It seemed in sheer wantonness of spirit, and through the open windows they caught glimpses of the desecration and pillage that had been wrought within doors.
The cause of all this vandalism was not far to seek. On every step, and every garden seat, lounged a soldier, and this mansion seemed surrounded, possessed, by a noisy, brawling crowd of militia men.

The visitors had barely time to note this, when they were observed.
"Halt!" was the command of a sentry on guard near, and a dozen or more soldiers rushed to the rescue.
In the midst of the altercation which followed a lieutenant of the militia strode up with an air of authority.
"What the devil is all this row about?"

Two or three privates, the worse for liquor, began a noisy explanation, but the superior officer stopped them.
"Who are you and what is your business here?"

The man addressed was of medium height, but so spare of flesh that he seemed tall. Out of his long face, blazing eyes and white, prominent teeth shone conspicuously. He had not yet spoken, but his undaunted bearing and calm air of superiority attracted the officer's attention.

This latter repeated the question insolently.
"Who are you and what is your business here?"

The other advanced slowly and surveyed him in silence. Then:
"For the first, sir, we are American gentlemen; for the second—you are right in speaking of it as our business."

Before the furious lieutenant could reply a militiaman burst through the crowd, exclaiming:
"I know who they are! Lieutenant! It's a gang of the same sort as came up the ship last night. I'll warrant they call this to the beachers."

His superior officer smiled mockingly.
"Ah, I see, then I have the honor, perhaps, to address the future emperor of Mexico, or the president of our southwestern republic?" For such was understood, are the schemes which—

"If you understand anything," the stranger interrupted, "you must realize that your first duty is to clear the place of this rabble."

To this the other retorted: "My first duty is to arrest you all—which I do—as conspirators against the government."

Instantly there was an uproar as the soldiers took forcible possession of the newcomers, with no show of discipline. The stranger who had been spokesman raised his voice in protest, but it was drowned in the general hubbub of remonstrance, mingled with the commands of the officer and the drunken shouts of his men.

But another voice made itself heard—a woman's voice. High and clear it rose above the din. There was a vision of flying draperies, and in the midst of the crowd stood a slight girl, her face pale, her eyes wide with excitement. Stopping beneath the palisade of bayonets, she raised her hands fearlessly. "Do you call this fair play, lieutenant?"

There was a short silence, then the officer spoke:
"Come away, Miss Creighton; this is no place for ladies."

"But what is the matter?"
"These men were resisting arrest."

"By what right do you arrest them?"
"By my authority as officer in charge, we came here to bring to justice Mr. Blennerhassett and his accomplices."

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appearance he had kept silent, but now stepped forward.
"Have I the honor to address a friend of Mr. Blennerhassett?"
The slim girl, in her quiet cap and morning frock, courted in the center of this motley group of ruffian soldiery and dusty travelers.
"You have indeed, sir; and you?"
"I, too, am his friend—Charles Winslow, at your service."

The lieutenant interposed with angry sarcasm: "A truce, a pretty trifling! I must insist upon an examination into the cause of your presence here. You are aware, better than I, what is your object in this attempt to join Aaron Burr and Harmon Blennerhassett in their unlawful plans?"

Then as the other was about to speak: "Never mind your defense now; we'll hear it later. Burr and the owner of this estate—Harmon Blennerhassett—are charged with the project of establishing another country and another flag, where now waves the stars and stripes. I arrest you with complicity in the same. If not guilty, you will doubtless be willing to prove it."

"Anything that may bring this undignified scuffle to a close," was the reply. Then Winslow turned to his companions: "Friends, for this lady's sake, let us submit quietly."

The lady in question addressed the man, her voice a trifle high and unsteady: "I am sorry, gentlemen, for this rude greeting, but—"

"Forward, march!" interrupted the officer, and struggling, straggling, all in disorder, the crowd of soldiers and civilians disappeared within doors.

The man who had introduced himself as Winslow was the last to go. As he passed the girl he said:
"Will you present my compliments to Mr. Blennerhassett, and arrange for an interview between us when this affair is over?" Before she could reply, the lieutenant swaggered up with insolent command. Winslow shrugged his shoulders. Then to her:

"Your servant, Miss Creighton, and—adieu!"

The girl courted again, as the officer and his quondam prisoner withdrew.

CHAPTER II.
Left alone in the garden, the young woman realized the cold for the first time. She wore no wrap, and her head in its linen cap which sparkled with a diamond frost which, in her hasty run, the trees and ivied trellis-work had showered over her. She shivered and turned to go. Fortunately progress to the house was free, the soldiers having gone aloft to witness the trial of the newcomers.

She slipped around to the kitchen and peered in.
"Good morning, America, is the coast clear?"

"Vas, honey, but I 'spec dem po' white trash in brass buttons 'll be 'yar soon messin' 'round."

"Where are the other servants?"
"The chile, don't ax me 'bout 'em, and the black co's face grew blacker with anger. "Dem ony niggers won't help none, dey jest 'fraid 'em de cabin like deart woodshed. But ain't de 'lansons ob a hard in de whole pasc 'de 'em."

"But you aren't afraid, America?"
America brandished a skillet threateningly. "I'd like to see de sojer 'rants dat could scare de yep 'niggers!" and her head, its woolly topker protruding from the gray turban, gave vicious nods of emphasis.

At last she said suddenly: "Do me a favor, honey; so will me to de spring house and help me to fetch some butta and de I 'm 'fraid de sojer dem new-catcht sandwichees. De nigger robbin' but hunkle ob bread will meander in de middle, but niggers says it's a new style, an' I ain't never b'ine de times in my cookin'—dat's no lie!"

Together, feeling cautiously about for fear of molestation, they proceeded to the spring house. Here they were confronted by a trio of militiamen, idling at the entrance. One pointed upon a statue which, dragged from its pedestal, stood at its broken length across the walk. Raising his voice, he said: "Salute, 'Em! here come Beauty and the Beast!"

At the sight of the bearded fellows, who made no effort to conceal their admiration, the girl would have felt; but America stood her ground. Folding both long, skinny arms over her hollow chest she glared sternly at them.

"Er, y'all ain't de beater's white men eber I come 'round?"
"Mind your own business! what are you, anyway?"

But America was not to be daunted. "What I am, I'm dat and dat's what I am," was her oracular response. Then she continued: "Ain't you had no raisin' 'er? Don't you know a lady when you sees one?"

By St. Anthony, that I do, and no mistake! was the maidin answer: "and does my duckie know her dearie when she sees him?" and suddenly reeling up to the girl, he chuckled her under the chin.

With a movement swift and strong, America sent him sprawling back, his body spanning the prostrate statue.

His companions staggered to the rescue as the ruffian arose uttering a volley of oaths.

"You black she-devil!" he roared, with clenched fist raised, "I'll teach you manners!"

But just then a voice said: "Better learn them first, my man," and a slight, but muscular frame was interposed between the women and their assailants. The girl gave a scream—half of fright, half of relief, as she recognized the gentleman who had led the strangers this morning—he who had introduced himself as Winslow.

At assistance from this unexpected quarter, the other soldiers retreated through the shrubbery, leaving their leader alone to face the indignant rescuer.

Half covered at the situation, but too angry for caution, the bully drew sword and made a lunge at Winslow—a thrust unsteady and weak. Winslow easily parried it with his hands, but as he did so, the lace ruffles of his shirt fell over a wrist white as a woman's.

At the sight of its delicacy, his opponent laughed contemptuously: "I never fight milkops; get home to your mother," and he turned to go.

But, angered now, Winslow barred the way. "You would draw upon an unarmed man, but you sneak out of a

fair, hand-to-hand fight; you are a coward!"
The man made a sudden dash for him, which, however, Winslow evaded by an agile turn. Then, before the fellow could rally his sudden senses, Winslow knocked him down, and snatched up his sword. Thus armed he faced his opponent. "Go!" he commanded. "I, myself, will turn this sword to your superior officer. The man who insults women is unfit to wear it."

Paralyzed, less by fear than amazement and chagrin at being worsted in a bloodless encounter with one he thought so mean a foe, the soldier slunk away muttering vengeance belied by his hang-dog manner.

In the short silence that followed, America continued her way to the spring house, leaving her young mistress and the stranger together.

Winslow picked up his coat, and flicking the dust from it, said:
"I am very much obliged to you, sir."

"The pleasure is mine; I was fortunate in being here."

"The trial, then, is over?"
"As a farce it began; as a farce it ended. I can only regret the embarrassment it caused you."

She laughed joyously. "Pray, sir, do not consider it. We have had so much to bear for the past two days that a touch of this is but a trifle."

Her voice was very near to tears. Then, quickly recovering: "All this time, Mr. Winslow, I have the advantage. You do not know my name; I am Lavender Creighton."

"She extended her hand, adding: 'You must forgive my not sooner summoning my aunt; she has but just returned from Marietta.'"

"Then Mrs. Blennerhassett is your aunt?"
"I call her so; it is, however, the privilege of friendship only. We are old and dear friends. My mother and I have been staying with her this winter. We are en route to the west—to the new territory, and were waiting for good weather—for the spring—to continue the journey. It seems now," she added, with a little catch of breath, "that we are to go on regardless of the season. The law waits no man's pleasure—no, nor woman's, either."

Here America, returning, interrupted.
"Scuse me, missy, but y' all bettel come on to de kitchen, and they f'olowed her lowly. Then the cook placed chairs for them around the stove while she bustled about getting dinner, and this informal introduction into the family affairs delighted the guest, but America apologized.

"I fear this is a poor sort of hospitality, sir, but America's domain is the only private part of the house. The soldiers how to her will alone, and so give her a wide berth."

Dusting a floury chair for him, she placed it before him with a little exaggerated flourish, she left the room to call Mrs. Blennerhassett.

A few moments later the mistress of the house entered. She was a woman past the prime of life, but still attractive, her face beautified by the eyes, large, dark and full of purpose.

The stranger rose. "My name is Winslow," he said simply, "and I have the honor to present credentials from our distinguished leader, Col. Burr."

The name was open sesame to the heart of his listener.
"You need not bother with right of entry to our house, sir. May I ask, then, if you do me the honor to join the expedition?"

"I do, madam, and a dozen stout hearts learn me company."

He then briefly detailed the opposition they had met with.

"But the comic affair was soon over and we are again free to proceed. There was no show of warrant for our detention."

"Can you imagine, sir, by what reason we are submitted to such outrages?"

"It is, indeed, more than I can understand. Until our mock trial of today I had no knowledge of any such thing against the character of our undertakings. Its chief, or those engaged in it, as peaceful citizens under the flag we reached your island, intending to join in the settlement of new lands in the southwest. Call us pioneers—soldiers of fortune—what you will, but traitors—ah, it is too absurd!"

Then, more seriously, he added: "I am in the dark as to the specific charges. It appears, however, that Col. Burr and your husband are suspected of a design to overthrow the existing government and set up another in some vague part of the south. I cannot account for all this farrago of nonsense and quibbles, except on the score of political intrigue. And men of us are helpless to fight that."

"Then you are not a politician?" the lady asked, smiling at the warmth of his manner.

"No, madam. God save the mark! I am an emigrant—a homeseeker."

There was a lull; she looked about the deserted room.

"I deeply grieve, sir, that I have no hospitality to grant—no home. Mr. Blennerhassett went away two nights ago. He disliked the stealth, the secrecy, but would not waver for the law's delay. Next day the militia descended upon us, and we have since been at the mercy of these lawless administrators of the law."

"And what excuse do they offer for this outrage?"

"They tell us that the president's proclamation has reached Wood county, and they must carry out his orders to stop our 'treasonable designs.' Mr. Blennerhassett foresaw this, and we had arranged that I was to follow in our family boat to the mouth of the Cumberland. This is his meeting place with Col. Burr, and from there we were all to go south together."

"All!" Before Winslow's mind rushed a swift picture of the girl he had seen braving the bayonets and men. "All" must include her.

He inquired, tentatively: "And Miss Creighton?"
"She and her mother are my guests; my plans must include them. But, alas! for those plans, since I am refused the boat. I pleaded, commanded—to no avail. The authorities at Marietta are frightened by Jefferson's vague proclamation, which tells little, and threatens much. They have refused the use of my own boat, and a hunted, desperate look crept into her tired face."

THE WHITE RIVER COUNTRY.

In the opinion of one who has traveled much and observed closely, the most truly and rightfully contented people in the United States today are the small landowners in what is known as the Upper White River Country, anywhere from Newport, Ark., to Carthage, Mo. They are contented because their surroundings are ideal and, until recently, the great, uneasy, disquieting world, with its artificial needs and inadequate compensations, has been to them but little more tangible than a dream. Here, still existent, and by reason of their very rarity at this day and time more desirable than in the past, are the conditions which have ever appealed with irresistible force to the independent-spirited Anglo-Saxon. Every man is the supreme ruler of his own little principality; acknowledging no master save the law—and possibly his feminine helpmeet; cringing to no employer; asking no favors from the world, save those that his neighbors freely extend and expect him freely to return. He lives in a latitude where the extremes of heat or cold are never known, and at an altitude that insures perfect health. The richest bounty of Nature has been showered upon him with unsparring hand, but it is a question whether he more than dimly realizes the fact. He accepts as a matter of course the fertile soil which produces in abundance every cultivable growth common to the north temperate zone, the surrounding forests of various woods and the underlying strata of precious minerals, the springs and streams of translucent purity on every hand, the wealth of fish and game at his very door, such as less favored mortals annually travel hundreds of miles to find. He is contented, but small credit is his for that, for how could he well be otherwise than content? It is said that such idealistic conditions may not continue, but it is written that the present possessors of this favored land must soon give place to others more appreciative of its incomparable features. A railroad has recently cut its way through the best of this region, and the unaccustomed rustle of bank notes and clink of coin will eventually tempt the hill-dweller to part with his birthright. So it has always been in the world's history—the good things that are ours without price invariably pass from our hands before we come to understand their value. The White River country will shortly be discovered as a new place to others more better capable of judging its possibilities—the men who seek modest homes where the "lay of the land" will effectively prevent crowding by too close neighbors, where their cattle can fatten on free range, where the wealth of forest and mine awaits development by intelligent workers, and where the game and fish offer enjoyable recreation to all who have leisure and inclination for sport.

DIAMONDS IN UNITED STATES
Stones to the Value of \$300 Found in Single Year.

Never in the history of the United States has there been such a demand for diamonds as there was in 1903. Large quantities were imported, but the country produced none.

In 1903 it produced diamonds to the value of \$55, in 1901 it had an output worth \$100, in 1900 its production was valued at \$150, and in 1899 the country boasted native diamonds to the value of \$300.

Diamonds have been discovered in the United States in four different regions, but their actual place of origin is unknown. All have been found in loose and superficial deposits, and all accidentally.

It is not at all improbable, however, that some day the original sources of this queen of gems may be discovered. The high price of diamonds has made the recent search for these precious stones in the United States and Canada keener than ever before—Scientific American.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

His Only Concern.
A well known member of the New York bar, a man of most patronizing manner, one day met John G. Carlisle, to whom he observed loftily:

"I see, Carlisle, that the supreme court has overruled you in the case of Mullins versus Jenkinson. But," he added, in his grand way, "you, Carlisle, need feel no concern about your reputation."

Carlisle chuckled. "Quite so," he agreed. "I'm only concerned for the reputation of the supreme court."—Harper's Weekly.

Has Been Buried for Centuries.
The body of a young woman has been discovered in the ancient Priiddy lead mines in Somersetshire, England, some 16 or 17 feet deep in the waterborne slit that has been accumulating since the days before the Romans came. The hair is wonderfully preserved, and remains in the plait in which it was worked. Beside the body were found five large blue and green glass beads.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Cost Lives of Many Workmen.
In constructing the East River tunnel, New York city, according to the statement of the engineer in charge, 14 men have succumbed as the result of working in the high pressure, 24 pounds to the square inch above the normal pressure of the atmosphere.

DYNAMITED

BOMB THROWN IN RUSSIAN PREMIER STOLYPIN'S RESIDENCE.

PREMIER NOT INJURED

Explosive Is Tossed into a Room During a Reception—Thirty-Four Were Killed and Many Wounded.

St. Petersburg. — While a reception was in progress at the residence of M. Stolypin, premier of Russia, a bomb was thrown into a room crowded with guests.

St. Petersburg. — The city has not recovered from the shock of the bomb throwing at the official residence of Premier Stolypin, in which 28 people not including the four conspirators, were instantly killed, and many others wounded. The premier's injuries were not serious, but his son was seriously hurt. His daughter, at first reported dead, still lingers, although she can scarcely recover, as both her legs were so badly shattered that amputation was found necessary.

An Official Account.
An official account of the affair has been given out. It says: "A carriage containing four persons, two dressed in civilian clothes, and two in foreign military uniforms, drew up at Premier Stolypin's palace. The men entered the ante-chamber, one of them holding his helmet in his hand as though concealing a bomb, which accidentally fell in the ante-chamber."

Gen. Zameiatin was instantly killed, and M. Voronin, a court chamberlain, who was attending the premier's official reception, was decapitated, while all the other persons in the ante-chamber, including the three men accompanying the individual who carried the bomb, were killed. The legs of M. Stolypin's daughter, the official account adds, were so severely injured that they had to be amputated. His son had a leg broken. Prince Shachowskoi, who was in an apartment adjoining the ante-chamber, was injured. The coachman of the carriage which brought the terrorists to the villa was killed and the vehicle was destroyed, but the horses were not much injured. In all 28 people were killed."

The Palace Was Wrecked.
The palace occupied by Premier Stolypin was crowded with guests, among them many officers of the government, and the revolutionaries, and fire broke out, but was suppressed by firemen.

One account says that the four men being denied admission to the presence of the premier, one of them hurled the bomb against the partition wall.

Four of the injured have since died, making the total number of dead 32.

Emperor to Stolypin.
The telegram sent by Emperor Nicholas to M. Stolypin after the explosion was as follows:

"I can not find words to express my indignation. I hope with all my heart that the health of your son and daughter will soon be restored, and likewise that of the other persons injured."

Threat From Social Revolutionists.
The central committee of the social revolutionists has drawn up a proclamation, which declares that unless the government alters its policy, such acts as the attempt on the life of Premier Stolypin will be pursued to the utmost, and government representatives will be killed by hundreds.

Gen. Min Assassinated.
St. Petersburg. — Gen. Min, commander of the Semenovskiy guard regiment, who suppressed the riots at Moscow last December, was assassinated at Peterhof Sunday night.

Gen. Min was at the railway station when he was killed.

The deed was committed by a young girl, who fired five shots from a revolver, into his back, killing him instantly.

Madame Min seized the assassin by the hand and held her until the police arrived.

After her arrest, the girl showed the police a bomb lying in the station, telling them to beware.

Some Additional Details.
London. — It is stated that the bomb was tossed from a balcony, and that he was a native of Ryazan province. Among the killed were nearly all the agents of the secret police in the house, including four women detectives.

Some of the accounts telegraphed London papers suggest that the explosion was premature, and that therefore the escape of the premier was due to the fact that the assassins were partly intoxicated.

Power of the Explosion.
The extraordinary power of the explosion may be judged by the fact that houses on the opposite side of the river were shaken and windows broken. Many trees in the avenue were blown down by the force of the explosion, and the aspect of the house and grounds was one of complete desolation. Parts of human bodies were thrown a great distance.

It was fully an hour before a beginning was made systematically to clear the wreckage, during which the injured suffered agonies.

Will Starve Himself to Death.
Louisville, Ky. — Clarence Sturgeon, who killed three men on account of Daisy Jackson, aged 16, announced, when told of the girl's suicide, that he would starve himself to death.

Floods Damage a Mexican City.
El Paso, Tex. — Mail advices from Mazatlan, Mexico, say that floods in the mountains did great damage to that city. Along the beach many houses were swept away. No loss of life is reported.

TUMORS CONQUERED

SERIOUS OPERATIONS AVOIDED. Unqualified Success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the Case of Mrs. Fannie D. Fox.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so slow that frequently its presence is not suspected until it is far advanced.



So-called "wandering pains" may come on in daily stages, or the presence of danger may be manifested by profuse monthly periods, accompanied by unusual pain, from the abdomen through the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or a placement, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice if you will write her about yourself. She is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge.